Norman T. Macleod
Lethbridge, Alberta.

W.B. POCKLINGTON of N.W.M.P.

When he was at the Blood Reserve I took out a four-horse load of bacon and being in a rush to get back to Macleod was starting to hitch up when he said to wait for dinner as there was an old friend I would be glad to meet, so did so.

When I appeared I was surprised to see only two places set and mentioned it but was assured by my host.

When we sat down the cook brought in a large roast, the first five ribs of the fore-quarter cut from Cleman's wheeler. My old friend, 15 years old, turned out thin and fattened quickly in the spring, as good a piece of beef as I ever ate.

Probably owing to youth and a good appetite.

W.B. Pocklington a retired Q. M.S. of the N.W.M.P. and Indian agent for some time, quite a good chap but fond of "drawing the long bow " at times. He told of this one:

Many years ago he was to play in a cricket match at "Lord's" but was late. The Prince of Wales was worrying a good deal, pulling his hair and walking about. Finally seeing him entering the gate and hearing the cheers, exclaimed "We're safe now, here's Pock"

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